

**ask me why my
heart is in my
throat**

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Summary:

stan is getting married when he is twenty four.

he's straight out of college with an accounting degree, still practicing his faith, still standing on two feet.

bill is getting married when he is twenty four.

he is fresh out of college with a degree in journalism, could almost support himself comfortably, could stand on two feet.

(or; stan and bill get married)

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Author's Note:

- For [stantozier](#).

HELLO

this turned into a thirty page monster but here's some notes!

`1.) i would just like to thank skye for talking about this with me! she helped with a lot of the little ideas and even wrote some of their vows :) you can find her @stantozier on twitter!

2.) these two nerds are in love and i need to take a break from angst for a little bit, so this is the product of that.

3.) the flashbacks are italicized and serve as a break in between POV changes!

Stan is getting married when he is twenty four.

He's straight out of college with an accounting degree, still practicing his faith, still standing on two feet. It's the most stable he's ever felt in his whole entire life, so it was definitely the time. If he was meant to get married, it was today. In July, when the air was warm and everything screamed summer.

He looks in the mirror and straightens his pastel yellow tie. This was it, huh? He hadn't been able to see his fiance all day and it made him a little agitated. He was buzzing with energy that he just couldn't get out.

“You all right in there, Stan?” Mike calls from the other side of the door.

“You can come in!” He shouts, frantically running his hands through his curls.

“Stop that.” Mike chastises before he even makes it through the door. “Everything outside looks perfect, Bill is calming Richie down, and you have the best best man the world could offer.”

Stan gives a small sigh of relief, glad that the worry isn’t rolling off of him in waves anymore. “Wait...why is Bill calming Richie down?”

“We think he’s about to have an aneurysm. I’ve never seen him so worried.”

“It’s not even his wedding!” Stan wants to stomp his foot, but instead he finds himself laughing at his friend’s antics. Richie wasn’t ruining his big day, he would never. Instead he was so worried that things were going to go wrong that he could drive himself into a panic.

“Bev kind of had to step in because Bill was getting too worked up.” Mike stands behind him in the mirror, fixing his own collar. “This is definitely the calmest room in the whole joint.”

Stan turns around and looks around the small makeshift dressing room. Ben had come through earlier and rifled through everything that Stan had set up oh so precisely, but Ben had always been a little

too frantic. Organized chaos, that's what Ben reminded Stan of.

"Eddie's out there wiping off every chair with those Lysol wipes." Mike's mouth curls up in a smile before bursting into laughter along with Stan. At least no one will be getting sick.

"Has anyone shown up yet, Mike?" He turns around, not being able to look at himself in the mirror anymore.

Mike looks down at his shoes. "Well, Bill's parents showed up a little early, but no one else is here yet." Stan's shoulders slouch a bit. He shouldn't have gotten his hopes up, but there was still time. "There's still time. The ceremony isn't until two anyway."

"Three more hours." Stan says looking at the clock. "Do people show up early to weddings? That seems like something people should show up early for."

"Depends on the people, Stan. Just breathe."

Stan huffs and goes back to looking at his attire in the mirror. So many things could happen between then and now. He retucks in his shirt and scrunches his nose at the scuff mark on his shoe.

"Everything's gonna go great, you know. Everything is going to be perfect."

Mike was right about Stan having the best best man in the world, he truly was.

"I don't want an outside wedding." Stan said.

"Why not?" Bill looked up at him, pen clamped in between his teeth as he shuffled through all the paper on their tiny kitchen table. They really should have taken Bev's offer on using her much bigger apartment for all of this wedding planning, but Bill had been insistent on using their own space.

"It could rain." Stan said defensively. "Or it could be too hot. Can people sue you if they get a heatstroke at your wedding? I think they might be able to and we really can't afford-"

"Okay, okay." Bill conceded. "Indoors...in a church?" He tapped the pen against his chin and his eyebrows shot up in realization. "No! Wait. A synagogue."

"We are not having a Jewish wedding, Bill. And I'm not doing it in my father's synagogue."

"Okay, fine." Bill continued flips through his dumb bridal magazine. Stan found it quite endearing. "Aha!" He uncapped the pen and made a big circle around what looked like some centerpieces. They hadn't even decided on colors yet. How was he already picking out centerpieces?

"I'll figure out where to have it, babe. Don't worry." Bill said, teeth now

clamped around his pen as he picked up the scissors to cut out a picture for the cork board. "It'll be perfect."

Bill is getting married when he is twenty four.

He is fresh out of college with a degree in journalism, even though he doesn't understand how since his professors always failed him on his short stories. But he was published now. He made royalties and shit. He could support himself and live *almost* comfortably, so why not get married? Especially when he found someone he knew he would love waking up to every morning.

It was hard to focus and tie his tie while Richie was rambling in the background.

"This is literally like...the biggest day of my whole entire life, Big Bill. Like, what the actual fuck. A wedding! I can't do this. I cannot! Just can't do it, nope." He's sitting in one of the folding chairs in the corner, rocking back and forth with his head in his hands.

"Richie." Bill says testily as he fixes his white tie. It contrasts nicely with his all black attire. "Can you be quiet for two seconds?"

The last thing that Bill needs is to panic. Everything is fine. The day is going to be perfect. Just like his perfect boyfr- fiancée. And his perfect life with his perfect home and his perfect fiancée.

"Okay, but Billiam! Imagine this. I'm walking down the aisle with

Mike, you know since we're the best men and all. Really, you chose me as your best man? I think that says more about you than me. But anyway, what if I trip? What if the carpet leading to the dumb bird exhibit isn't straightened out? You know how hard Eddie would laugh? In the middle of your-"

"You're not going to trip, Richie." He says, annoyed. "You'll be fine."

"I don't have to say anything, do I? I'll trip over that too. God, what if I stutter?"

And Richie reminded him of his worst damn fear. Stuttering during his damn vows. He's going to stutter during his vows and everyone's going to think he's nervous. Nervous to marry Stan, nervous about if it's going to work out or not. Richie is right, why did he pick him again?

"Please shut up." Bill says tightly, undoing his tie and restarting.

Richie gets up and walks towards him. "This is important, okay? These are legitimate concerns that I'm having-"

"Well it's my damn wedding!"

The door behind them swings open and there's Bev standing there, face scrunched and hands on her hips. The yellow light shines in from behind her and Bill thinks it's almost blinding. "Are you arguing with the groom, Richie?"

“No!” Richie says defensively, scratching at his freshly shaven face. “I was just bringing up some concerns-”

“You told me I was going to st-stu-stu....Shit.” Bill’s nails are digging into his palms.

“Your job is to keep him calm, Richie! Do we need to put you on janitorial duty with Eddie?” Bev, never quick to anger, doesn’t yell. Her voice is oddly threatening in a mom kind of way.

Richie hangs his head in shame and it reminds Bill of a toddler. “No ma’am.” He gives a mach salute. “I’m very sorry Bill.”

Bev taps her foot and in all seriousness says, “For what, Richie?” A long silence hangs in the air above them.

They all burst into laughter.

“I’ll shut up now.” Richie says after the laughter subsides and he can breathe again. “I swear I’m not going to ruin your day, Billiam. This is just like...the biggest thing that’s ever happened to me.”

Bill smiles at him, because Richie likes being included. Richie likes being someone’s best man. “You can cry for me if you want. I’m not gonna be one of the ‘bros’ any longer.”

“That’s right. All tied down, Mr. Denbrough.” Bev smiles at him. She

looks awful pretty in her yellow dress.

“Mr. Uris.” Richie interjects. “And you’ll always be a bro in my heart.”

“It’s Mr. Uris-Denbrough here in,” Bill rolls up his sleeve and looks at his watch. “Three hours. And I never really was a bro. Anyone here yet?” He looks over to Bev, who was in the lobby only moments before.

“Just your parents.” She reports dutifully. Bill thinks that maybe she should have a clipboard. While he did painstakingly organize everything, Bev was running the show today.

“And the Uris’s?” He raises his eyebrows.

“So far they’re no shows.” She says forlornly. “But we still have time. A few hours. Who knows, they might surprise us all.”

God, Bill sure hoped they would.

“Who are we going to invite?” Bill said. Pen and paper sat in front of him, since he had refused to do any of this on a computer like a sensible man. He had argued with Stan on how he was still being environmentally conscious and no, this was not a waste of paper.

“Well, everyone, I guess.” Stan said as he got to work on the crossword

puzzles in the paper. "The wedding party obviously. Um, probably Patty from work. She seemed very excited for us."

"Patty from work? That's the only person you want to invite?" Bill asked and wrote it down anyway.

"We were going to keep it small." Stan supplied. "This sea is evil." He looked up from his paper as Bill furrowed his brow.

"Try medieval. Like the Mediterranean." Bill said, beginning to scribble on the paper. Stan was curious as to what he was writing, but just at Bill and hoped he would tell him how to spell it. He was never really good with spelling. "M-e-d-i-e-v-a-l."

"Thanks, babe. You're the best." He carefully penned in the letters one by one and then began working on the next clue.

"Okay, what about family." Bill continued his writing. "I'm inviting my cousins from Massachusetts, and my parents. Is there anyone from your family's synagogue you want to invite?"

"Maine is a long ways away, Bill." Stan's eyes scanned the paper.

"It's not that far. And you could invite Andrea and Donald, you know? It wouldn't hurt to send them an invite."

"If I send them an invite, my father is just going to send back a friendly postcard that gives explicit detail about how I'll suffer for an eternity in Gehinnom." Stan gave up on the crossword puzzle and set it on the table. "But if you want to invite them, you can. I'm not getting my hopes up."

And that was a bold faced lie.

Stan had pushed past Mike, who was previously blocking, and booked it down the hallway. He had been to the venue plenty of times. The natural history museum had all sorts of exhibits that they liked exploring on a lazy summer afternoon.

But this was not a lazy summer afternoon.

There were no other people meandering around with their maps and directories. No small tour groups being taken down the halls. No cashier working the register in the gift shop. No, it was empty, besides Bill and him and their friends and Bill's parents.

"Hello Mr. and Mrs. Denbrough!" He shouts as he sees them standing in the lobby.

"I've told you a million times! Call me Sharon!" Bill's mother shouts after him but he keeps running. That is, until he hits the wall that is Ben Hanscom.

And Ben had become buff, no longer running from bullies. He had a stocky build and reminded Stan of a football player. He looked quite spiffy with his dress pants and charcoal button up, but he was not the person Stan was looking for.

"You're not allowed down this hall, Stan." Ben says, holding his hands up to as if that'd get Stan to stop trying to get through.

“But I need to talk to Bill.” Stan says, and behind him he can hear Mike finally catching up to him and skidding to a stop.

“You agreed that you were going to stick with not seeing each other today.” Ben says, not wavering from his spot in the middle of the hallway. And yeah, they did do that. That wasn’t the point. Stan needed to tell Bill everything that was on his mind. How his parents weren’t going to show up, how his shirt was going to get wrinkled, how he was going to get halfway through his vows and realize they were disorganized.

Mike is behind him, trying to catch his breath. “I tried to stop him, Ben.” The other man accepts his apology and says it’s not his fault.

Mike grabs Stan by the shoulder and steers him back towards the lobby when he hears it. “Stan!” He can tell it’s Bill’s voice. He could recognize it from anywhere. “Stan!”

Then he sees Richie, who’s about six doors down from where Ben is standing, pushing someone back into the room. “Nothing to see here folks! Just wanted to pass on the message that—wait what was it again?” He leans into the room to speak to Bill. “Bill loves you very much and everything is going to be a-okay!”

Stan finds himself grinning even though he’s taking a walk of shame back to his room.

“Are we going to see each other on our wedding day?” Bill had asked as

he stood over the stove, finishing up dinner.

“My parents didn’t see each other for a whole week before their wedding..” Stan said as he washed a plate meticulously. He had already made his way through the worst part, the silverware, so the rest was a piece of cake.

Bill looked over at him. “I’m not doing that. It’s probably why their marriage is in shambles.”

Stan laughed. “Superstition is so irrational. Never thought we were traditionalists, Bill.”

“I think we could though. Not see each other the day of.” Bill hummed, moving from his place in front of the stove to stand behind Stan, wrapping his arms around him and tucking his face into the crook of his fiancée’s neck.

Stan sat down the plate he had just finished cleaning before moving on to a bowl. “I think I could go a whole day without seeing your ugly mug.” He grinned, tilting his head to the side as Bill nuzzled against his neck.

“You don’t mean that.” Stan was able to feel how Bill was grinning into his neck. “But I’m glad we can finally agree on something. “It’ll just make the actual wedding so much more exciting. I can already see you walking down the aisle.”

“By myself?”

"If that's what you want. I'll walk down by myself too."

Stan abandoned the bowl he was cleaning to turn around and face Bill. "I'd like that, I think." He said, before pressing a kiss to the corner of the other man's mouth.

"You don't understand, Bev!" Bill said exasperatedly. Richie had just pushed him back into the room, refusing to let him see Stan. "He's worried! He wouldn't have ran all the way down here if he didn't need me."

"-wait, what was that again?" Richie is peeking his head in through the door.

Bill got his bearings if only for a moment and spoke very carefully. "Tell him that I love him very much." He thinks about anything else he needs to add. "And that everything is going to be okay."

Richie retreats back to the hall and Bill can hear him yelling. He turns back to Bev. "His parents aren't here and mine are. That's so shitty. That sucks."

"Why didn't he just text or call from his room?" Bev said. "That's not technically seeing each other."

"That's cheating, Bev." Bill rubs his face. "We blocked each other's

numbers, and Richie has my phone as a protective measure.”

“You two are so hopelessly in love.” Bev grins.

“That’s why they’re getting married, Bevvv. That’s like...the whole damn reason why we’re here.” Richie says, opening up the door again and standing in the entry way. “Once I get the all clear from Mike, we’ll go to the lobby to see your parents.”

It only takes a few minutes before Richie’s phone is going off. And like Richie and Bev are his chaperones, they lead Bill out the door and down the hall to see his parents. Bill looks down at the carpet, focusing on stepping on every other square, as they quickly make their way down the hall.

“Bill!” That’s his mother’s voice and she’s running towards him before he even knows it, and pinches his cheeks. “You look so handsome.” She wraps her arms around him and pulls him close.

“Son,” His dad isn’t as touchy as his mom, settling for a handshake.

“Where’s Georgie?” Bill asks, looking around to see if the teenager had decided to hide away in the corner

“Your grandmother is bringing him over from the hotel a little later.” His mother says with a soft smile. He doesn’t blame Georgie. Being early to a wedding didn’t sound like a teenager’s version of fun.

His parents dote over him for a little while and Bill is starting to think that everything is perfect. Everything is going to be perfect. And then he hears the main door open behind him. He turns around.

Andrea Uris is standing there, tittering. She's in some of the most modest formal clothing that Bill has ever seen in her whole life. She's watching the Denbroughs with some look in her eyes that Bill cannot place. Not jealousy, no. Something softer. Sadness, maybe.

Donald isn't with her.

"Andrea!" When his mother realizes who's standing there, it obvious things become a little more tense. "What a pleasure to see you, glad you could make it." She's walking over towards the other woman to shake hands, and Andrea seems a little nervous.

"I was just, uh," The way she is acting reminds Bill of a child. "Wondering where I could find Stanley."

Richie doesn't jump to escort her away, instead he sits and whispers with Bev. Probably some smart ass comment about the Uris's. Richie's never really liked them. He only went to Stanley's bar mitzvah to prove to Mr. Uris what a good friend he was, and that had backfired all those years ago. He's been a little bitter ever since.

Ben, with his nifty clipboard, saves the day. He swoops in with a friendly 'Good morning Mrs. Uris,' and leads her down the hall towards Stan's room.

The smile his mother was wearing instantly faded. "Why isn't Donald here? To his own son's wedding, I can't."

"Not everyone is as understanding as you, mom." Bill says, fiddling with his tie nervously. "Stan knew he wouldn't come anyway."

"That's not the point, son." His father says with a hand on his shoulder.

Bill wishes that Stan's dad was more understanding, more like his own parents. Supportive and lovely and kind. Not uptight, strict, hateful. But they had raised him, and Stan was Stan because of how he was raised. He deserved a better family, he deserved a family more like the Denbroughts.

Bill shakes the thought from his mind as Richie makes a joke. It didn't matter, everything was going to be fine.

"Fuck," Bill sighs, head on his pillow as he sinks further into the mattress.

Stan returned from bathroom with a dampened towel to help clean up a little bit since Bill told him he was too tired to take an actual shower.

"That spent, huh?" Bill felt the mattress dip behind him as Stan sat down on the bed. He began wiping away at Bill, the closest thing to bathing that they could get that late at night.

"Have I ever told you that moonlight suits you?" Bill turned his head so he could see Stan out of the corner of his eye. "I'm kind of wondering if we'll always be in this honeymoon phase." Where things are perfect and all they needed was each other.

"I'm kind of wondering if you'll always wax poetic after we have sex." It was said as a quip but Bill can hear the affection in the other man's voice.

"Where are we going to have our honeymoon?" Bill said distantly, and he could hear Stanley sigh.

"I was going to let you choose." He said. His boyfriend was wedding obsessed at this point, he thought. They were lying in bed and cuddling post-coitally and he was still thinking about arrangements.

"I've never been to a beach." Bill hummed, obviously getting ready to drift off.

"Then that's what we'll do." Stan whispered and tucked himself in next to the other man. "We'll go to the beach."

"Stanley!"

He would know that voice anywhere. It was his mother's voice coming through the other side of the door. She was here. She was really here! Stan couldn't believe it. Bill had purposefully left seating open, because nothing would be more embarrassing than having sides for each family and Stan's being empty. But it wouldn't have

been. Someone showed.

“Mom!” He’s running to the door, pushing Mike out of his way in the process. ‘You’re here.’ And he wraps his arms so tightly around the woman he’s not sure if would ever let go.

“Of course I am, wouldn’t miss it for the world.” She says, but there’s something in her voice that sounds conflicted and stressed.

“Where’s dad?”

Her eyes widen. Ah, there it is.

“Well, you know how he is, honey.” She says, pushing his hair back from his face. Her face is full of regret. “He decided to, uh, stay home.”

Stan goes from elated to furious in only moments. “That’s not fair!” He says, pulling back from the woman’s touch. “That’s not fair and you know it.” He stomps his foot petulantly, like a child. “He should be here! He’s my dad!”

Stan notices that Mike slips quietly out the door, probably to go grab assistance from one of their other friends. But that doesn’t change how angry he is.

“Honey, he really wanted to be at your wedding.” She says softly, trying to calm him down but still flinching. “He wanted to, I ensure

you that he wouldn't."

"He wanted to be at a pretty Jewish girl's wedding! Not mine!" Stan feels his fist collide with the wall next to his. He's sure his parents had been talking about him getting married since he could walk, so of course Mr. Uris would want to go to the wedding he was thinking of back then. When his son was supposedly straight and put faith above all else. "I'm his son! Mom, I'm his son!"

His mom just wraps him up tight in her arms again and the anger seems to seep away. It's replaced with blubbing. God, he had felt so put together only a few hours ago. Now he was crying in his mother's arms only hours before his wedding.

Stan only hopes to some higher being that he can pull himself together in a little under three hours.

"What time should it be?" Bill said from his writing desk, bent over a large stack of papers that Stan assumed was his latest attempt at a manuscript. Bill told him all of his ideas, always, but they were never big picture things. Stan usually didn't know how they came together until the end.

"Do you mean what time is it, Bill?" Stan said from the makeshift easel he had up in the corner. "Because it's two right now."

"No, what time should the ceremony be?" He sat down his ink pen and turned around in his spinning chair. "Early in the morning?"

"I don't want it to be an all day affair. People will get sick of us." Stan replied, finishing up the wing of some bird that Bill couldn't quite remember off the top of his head.

"But if we do it late in the day, we won't get everything done." Bill pouted, using his heels to scoot his chair closer and closer to Stan. Thank god the thing had wheels or Stan would be throwing a fit about the hardwood floor.

Stan carefully sat his paintbrush in the cup of water on the table. "I think I'm sticking with my original answer." He said decisively.

"You told me what time it is now, not what time it is." Bill rolled his eyes fondly but got up to press a kiss to Stan's cheek regardless.

It's two in the afternoon and Bill is sweating.

He's standing behind a set of door and maybe this wouldn't be so nerve wracking if he wasn't the very first person to walk out. But they agreed. It was best if Bill went first because Bill was always talking about how he couldn't wait to see Stan walk down the aisle. Waxing poetic, Stan had called it. But regardless, you can't see anyone walking down the aisle if you're last.

Richie is standing directly in front of him, bickering with Mike about who's holding whose ring. Georgie said being ring bearer was for little kids and...well Stan and Bill didn't know any little kids. Plus the whole thing was pretty unconventional in the first place.

“It only makes sense that I hold Stan’s ring.” Mike says. “I’m his best man.”

“Yeah, but you have to give that ring to Bill so he can put it on Stan’s finger!” Richie says, as if it’s that obvious. “Big Bill, what do you think?”

“Richie is right.” Bill says without a second thought, and honestly? Bill isn’t sure if he’s actually right. He just wants them to shut up for more than two seconds.

“Ha!” Richie says triumphantly. His voice lowers to a whisper as the melody starts floating in from behind the door they’re standing in front of. “I’m right. I’m right.” He sings softly, and those great big doors open and Bill’s stomach does a flip.

“Beep beep, Richie.” Mike whispers, and then they’re walking. Just like in rehearsal, just like everything had gone earlier that week.

Bill watches as his two friends walk past the small ensemble of people. Stan’s mother, Bill’s parents, Georgie, some work friends, Bev, Ben, and Eddie. And when it’s his turn to go, he follows suit. It’s by far the longest walk of his life.

And when he gets to that damn bird exhibit in the middle of the natural history museum, Bill thinks this is the longest wait of his life too. He tries to focus on the spot he’s standing on and damn, it’s hard.

He looks around him and realizes that yeah, this was the closest thing

they were going to get to an outside wedding. The fake trees with the taxidermy birds surrounded by little plaques with information and their scientific names. It was pretty good. Yeah. Pretty good.

“That’s a common redpoll.” Stan pointed up the faux leaves above them. Sat in it was a little bird, perched perfectly on a branch with obvious wires holding him in place. Stan didn’t even have to look at the little name plate. “They hide in shrubs sometimes.”

It’s absent minded and Bill watches as his boyfriend cranes his neck to look at more. Yeah, Stan would rather be out bird watching. But it’s cloudy and cold and besides their bed and his favorite bird watching spot, this is the next best way to spend a Sunday.

“Do you want to get married here?” Bill said suddenly, as if the thought had hit him like a train.

“Since when we were planning on getting married?” Stan said, turning to face Bill. “Because this is news to me.”

Well, Bill hadn’t really meant to say it. These kind of things were supposed to be planned. He was supposed to have a ring and he was supposed to get down on one knee. Or Stan could do it too, but Stan never made the first move. Not their first date, their first kiss, their first anything.

“Wuh-Will you marry me?” Bill said this time, with a little more conviction.

Stan waited a moment, as if he thought Bill was joking. Not that Bill would ever joke about that, but still.

He brushed his curls out of his face and glanced up at the common redpoll one last time. It's there, right in the middle of that damn museum, where Stan looped his arms around Bill's neck.

"Never thought you would've asked, Bill."

Stan is standing behind those doors by himself.

This can't be that bad. Everyone is just waiting on him. It makes him nervous, it makes his body thrum. No one is there to calm him down.

He knows his mother is out there, and it's not her fault that her dad isn't. He let's that thought pass. He is not going to let his father get to him at that moment. Not when Bill is out there waiting for him. Not when his future in-laws, his mother, Bev, Ben, Richie, Eddie, and Mike are all waiting for him.

Some worker from the museum is nudging at his back. Thank god Bev set someone up to tell him when to walk, or else he might not have.

"Good luck." The worker says, and Stan replays it in his head. He's not sure why he's nervous. This is the love of his life, and oh god...His vows. He forgot about his damn vows. They'll come back, he swears it.

When he sees Bill's face, they all come flooding back to him.

Bill with his stupidly perfect eyes. Bill with his hair swooped gracefully to one side. Bill, who obviously was wearing crew socks instead of dress socks under his dress clothes. Bill who was going to be sticking next to Stan for the rest of his life.

The look on Bill's face makes Stan think that his fiancée is going to cry at the damn altar. Tears are brimming in those stupidly perfect eyes that he was just thinking about moments ago. His lips are in a tight but quirky smile, as if he's trying not to say something.

Stan can also see that Richie is crying, and if he wasn't so focused on not tripping, he would've laughed at his friend. His friend who has always been there with them through everything. The one who cracks the jokes. The one who Stan has never seen actually cry. Until now.

Mike looks like he's having one of his proud dad moments. There's a huge grin on his face and he stands tall, shoulders back. Mike, who has always been a voice of reason next to his own. Who, when Stan is being irrational, knows just how to talk him out of things. Mike and Stan, best friends. Mike, the loner, who never was when he was around Stan. He was smiling wide.

And then he's standing there, straight across from Bill.

"Friends and family, we are gathered here today-" He can hear Ben's voice off in the distance, but Stan doesn't really care. He's just trying

to stop himself from pulling a Richie and going into waterworks while he's holding Bill's hands.

"Stan." He says softly, and it's then that he realizes it's time for his vows.

'Oh," His voice cracks just a bit and he laughs. "I guess it's my turn to talk." He steals a glance at the audience, the people he loves most in the whole wide world. He's glad his vows are first, truly.

"I am so unbelievably happy that Mrs. Harris sat us next to each other in the third grade." He begins, thinking that maybe he should have gone chronologically. "And I don't care that you kissed Bev back then either, because Richie was wrong about her having you. He's always wrong."

From behind Bill, Stan can see that Richie looks like he is about to object. As if knowing his antics, Eddie shoots him a glare from the audience.

"And...wow," He tries not to take a moment to be self depreciating. "I remember our first kiss when we were fourteen. Well, not yours. But it was mine. And how you talked us into walking into that haunted house when we were kids. You weren't leaving me at the doorstep, no matter how scared I was."

When he wrote the vows, he doesn't remember them jumping around quite so much. But the sparks in his brain were jumping around. And somehow his brain was foggy. All at once. It was a little overwhelming.

“And I guess this is kind of like that stupid house on Neiboldt street. It’s big, scary, and we have no clue what’s in there. But I’m going in there with you, and you’re not leaving me on the doorstep. I guess if this is some poor metaphor or something, and that stupid house is marriage, I’m never going to leave it. We’re going to get old and gray and lead happy lives.” Until we’re dust, he says in his mind.

Bill is smiling at him and he keeps going. “I love you, William Denbrough. Your writing at three in the morning and you’re insistence on telling stories the second you get home from work. And how you always hang my dumb paintings on the wall and claim we live at the MoMA. But what I love most about you is your courage,” Bill’s really crying now and Stanley wonders if he should stop. “Your courage to do things first. So I just wanted to steal your spotlight this once, and be the first one of us to say I love you today.”

Stan is cooking dinner when he hears it.

“God dammit!” Bill cursed as his pencil broke yet again. “I should just write it in pen.”

It was a sight to behold. Bill is sitting at their tiny kitchen table, which Stan is pretty sure is covered in a whole eraser’s worth of shavings. He’s shirtless and bent over a piece of rogue stationary that the curly haired man is pretty sure was stolen from his desk.

“What’s wrong, Bill?” Stan said, standing behind him and trying to peek at what he’s doing. Bill just hunches over more.

"Nothing, babe." He mutters. "Just writing my vows."

That's when it hits Stanley that the wedding is going to be the most embarrassing moment of his life. Yes, he's marrying his best friend. Yes, they wouldn't ever leave each other's side. But Bill is a writer, and his vows are going to kick ass. Stan isn't a writer. Stan is a fucking accountant.

"I'm sure they're beautiful." Stan said, rubbing circles on his boyfriend's back, noticing the little freckles that sit on his shoulder blades "I'll try not to cry when I hear them."

Bill snorts. "If I don't make you cry, I'm not doing my job." He says fondly. "I'm supposed to be the biggest sap known to man."

That made Stan snort. Bill was a writer, yes. But he didn't write romance novels. He wrote about the scary things in the dark, the monsters in the closet, and the fears in other's hearts. He didn't write love poems often.

"We'll see about that, Mr. Denbrough."

Bill was trying not to blubber. He was an ugly crier and now was not the time to cry, especially as Stan finished his vows.

He bites at his lip and he feels Stan's thumbs rub circles into his hands. Stan is solid and unwavering, like an anchor. Bill takes a deep breath.

“Wuh-when we w-were yo-younger,” Fuck fuck fuck. He’s stuttering. He has to start over. He has to get it right. He looks up at Stan, who’s just giving him that look that he always does. Stan was always so patient, always so kind. Stan has been with him through speech therapy and tongue twisters and all the names that he’s been called.

Bill takes another deep breath. “When we were younger,” He says more confidently. “People would always call us losers.” He finds himself smiling. Losers, but look at them now. “And that’s what we were, I guess. It was supposed to be a bad thing. I remember when we were thrown around the playground and when I stupidly stuck up to those bullies. We were losers, and we called ourselves that too. And being a loser meant I got to stand next to you. So if being a loser means that, I’ll gladly be a loser for the rest of my life.”

“And I’m going to do that. You with your dumb preference in calculators,” Stan’s mouth quirks up at that. “And your insistence on the fact that the Georgie’s monsters under the bed weren’t real when I totally believed him. And your binoculars that are always carry with you because it’s like you’re still a damn boyscout.”

Stan’s hands draw away from his for a moment so he can wipe away a tear. “I love you so much,” Bill keeps going. “And you beat me at the only thing I’m good at, being first. But you’re good at a lot of things. Like organizing literally everything that goes through the front door, and painting birds, and listening to me when I can’t get my words out. So I’m glad I could get them out now, Stan Uris, and I’m glad you’ll still be listening even if I go on for another century.”

Stan was crying, and Bill didn’t want to feel proud. But it was a good kind of crying, the one he was kind of aiming for. So he stops holding back and lets a few tears out too. And somewhere down the line, they’re exchanging rings, saying ‘I do’, and kissing. It’s the best kiss

Bill has ever had in his whole damn life.

Stan has flowers that Bev forced into his hands and they're out on the front steps. Turning to face Bill, he's all smiles as he throws the bouquet over his shoulder. Richie does a sick dive for it, daring to knock anyone that gets in his way over, before he secures his arms around the floral arrangement.

"Looks like we're next, Eds!" He yells emphatically, waving his long, gangly arms with the biggest grin on his face.

"Don't call me that!" Eddie groans, but everyone laughs at his expense anyway.

Bill watches as Stan turns back to face him, and Bill pulls him in close. They watch as their friends celebrate on the steps below, and Bill is glad he still has the friends he had when he was thirteen.

They're all losers, but he's spending the rest of his life with his favorite one.

Author's Note:

i'm at @trshmthtozler on twitter and i do fill prompts if you manage to get a hold of my! like and comment if you enjoyed it :)